

Why Make Sense?

Hot Chip

Out of happiness
Can come a bitterness
Move the readiness
Into a headiness
With your last caress
Started motionless
Like the sinner says
Move your body-ness

And mine, mine
Go high and high
It moves too slow
Before you know

Into happiness
With a sweet caress
From the loving-ness
With the somewhere blessed
What becomes us next
Nothing we can test
Nothing we can trust
If we can't caress

Why make sense
When the world around refuses?
A winner lost is one who always chooses
Nothing left can leave you all out of time
And without it, you're nearing your decline
Why be tough
When strength is just for losers?
Be what you are
At the mercy of yours

It's the clouding of our minds
It's the morning of our lives
It's the mystery we find
In the cursing of our time

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